A NEW SONG,

To an *Old* Tune.

I.

GOD ſave the RIGHTS OF MAN!
Let *Deſpots*, if they can,
Them overthrow:
Tell all the world around,
FREEDOM is gaining ground;
Hails with a joyful ſound,
Each former foe.

II.

Kings, Lords, and Courtiers all,
Who wiſh for FREEDOM's fall,
This let them learn:
Let them learn BRUNSWICK's Dance,
Which was well taught in France,
Which was well taught in France,
By FREEDOM's Sons.

III.

May FREEDOM, like the Light
Of the Sun, at its height,
Spread far around:
Let none her Wrath provoke,
For as the Thunder's ſtroke,
Which cleaves the knotted Oak,
Shall ſhe be found.

IV.

May *Afric*'s injur'd Coaſt,
Soon have of this to boaſt,
The RIGHTS of MAN!
Thoſe Rights from Heav'n ſent down,
Where no Diſtinction's known,
Where Black, or Fair, or Brown,
Have Equal claim.

V.

Let us then chearful join,
And hail the Boon divine,
The RIGHTS of MAN!
May we all *now* fulfil,
What they ſo well inſtil,
PEACE ON EARTH, and GOOD-WILL
To all Mankind.